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The Shape of Things

WITH THE CONDUCT OF A WORLD WAR ON his hands, it is hard to condemn the President for having bungled the political campaign in New York State. But bungle it he certainly did. Had he gone into the campaign full-tilt from the start, there is no question that he could have had the nominee of his choice. Had he kept drastically aloof, he would have given the nomination to Bennett but he would not have lost a fight to Farley. Unfortunately the President tried to find a middle course and garnered only the usual penalty for being too late with too little. He endorsed Mead days after Farley's hand-picked delegates had pledged their all to Bennett. The result is that such I-hate-Roosevelt correspondents as John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* are able to report gleefully the "astounding fact" that the President "no longer can control or speak for the Democratic party in his own state." Should Bennett win the election, Mr. O'Donnell's wish will indeed have become a fact. Such an outcome is improbable, though we believe not quite as unthinkable as Mr. Chasan asserts in his report elsewhere in this issue. Bennett will have to contend with the hostility of Roosevelt, Governor Lehman, and large sections of Tammany Hall, and his candidacy has cost the Democratic anywhere from 250,000 to 400,000 American Labor Party votes which would have gone to a compromise Democratic nominee in preference to Mr. Dewey. On the other hand, Dewey himself has the opposition of the titular head of his party, and whole areas of the G. O. P., lukewarm to his presidential aspirations, may be expected to pull their punches in his behalf.

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AS FOR THE A. L. P., ITS ROLE IN THE campaign is almost as uninspired as the President's. Surely its leaders must have seen a Bennett victory in the offing. Yet when it came, they were caught wholly unprepared. They knew it would be suicide to capitulate and go along with Bennett, yet they had lined up no nominee of their own, and after desperate last-minute attempts to corral a big name they were forced to fall back on an obscure Tammany man who had once campaigned on a joint Democratic-Labor Party ticket for Congressman. What is worse, instead of making the

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Democrats pay through the nose for their shameful abuse of the A. L. P. by naming a completely fresh ticket, one that would cut into the Farley organization all the way down the line, the laborites gave four of the six state-wide nominations on their slate to Democrats chosen at the Bennett convention. Inept is the word for it, but there is nothing to do now but give Mr. Alfange the biggest vote possible in order to cut down the shadow which Jim Farley even now casts over the Democratic convention two years hence.

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BRAZIL'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WAR WILL encourage everyone who realizes how important it is, both now and for the future, to have all the Latin-American countries standing shoulder to shoulder with the United Nations. Brazil's first great task will be to deal rapidly and energetically with the large army of fifth columnists and saboteurs that has for so long infested its soil. In this the government can count upon the active assistance of the people who are fundamentally democratic. In fact, it was the effective expression of the masses against the latest outrages of the Nazis that left the Vargas administration no alternative but to declare war. Brazil's answer to repeated German attacks on its shipping will undoubtedly have healthy repercussions in the rest of South America where the complacent diplomacy of notes of protest and excuses is rapidly being discredited. Already Uruguay is displaying impatience and may not hesitate long before following the example of its great neighbor. Among the first to fight against the Axis, both in the political and diplomatic field, Uruguay would long ago have gone to war with Germany and Italy had it followed its own inclinations. According to our information it was on the advice of representatives of Great Britain and the United States, who were anxious that certain measures of defense be first established in the country, that the Baldomir government has refrained so far from declaring war.

✶

THE GERMAN ADVANCE ON STALINGRAD has reached a point where the possibility of holding the city is in grave question. For weeks the Soviet defenders along the Don, both to the northwest and southwest of Stalingrad, held firm against all Nazi attacks. But once the Germans succeeded in crossing the river in force at several points, there remained no natural obstacles to aid the defense. Although the city is reported to be strongly fortified, its dependence on the Volga as its chief supply route makes it vulnerable to the German pincer strategy. In the Caucasus the Nazi forces have advanced to within less than a hundred miles of the Grozny oil fields. Although there seems little danger that they will reach Baku before winter sets in, the British action in establishing an independent army command for Iran and Iraq suggests that preparations are being made for any eventuality. But whatever happens in the south, it seems certain that there will be a Russian front in the north again this winter and next spring. Despite the losses in the south, Moscow, Leningrad, and the Ural industrial areas are capable of provisioning the Red Army for another winter campaign. Thus, although Hitler has made great gains, he has failed in the primary objective of his 1942 campaign, which was to put Russia out of the war.

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DONALD NELSON'S LATEST REPORT ON production shows that the lag which first became apparent in June persisted in July. The fact that production as a whole fell short of announced goals by 7 per cent is not in itself serious. In a period of rapid advance some delays are almost inevitable. What is really important, as Mr. Nelson is well aware, is to keep the production program in balance and to make sure that its emphasis is where it should be. Mr. Nelson acknowledges that the program has gotten somewhat out of balance, but assures us that every effort is being made to correct the situation. The record is wholly satisfactory with respect to shipbuilding and the output of tanks—and these are crucial items. But it is highly disturbing that our June production of planes, according to Elmer Davis, was well below expectation while the July output reflected a gain of only 6 per cent over the June figures. In answer to the storm of criticism which has arisen against the WPB in recent weeks, Mr. Nelson announced that he was going to "get tough" with any one obstructing the program. It is ironic, to say the least, that his first move after his fighting statement was to dismiss not the dollar-a-year men who are responsible for the steel shortage but an employee, Frederick S. Libbey—because he had talked to a newspaper reporter before filing with his superiors a report on the shortage which contained severe criticism of big steel and the steel branch of the WPB. Perhaps the most significant statement in the Libbey report, as published by *PM*, is that "the principal criticism of the branch by operating personnel in the [steel] industry . . . is that the consultant staff is composed largely of sales executives whereas they feel that engineers are needed to plan production."

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CHINA HAS BEEN MAKING RAPID PROGRESS in the past week toward wiping out the last remaining gains of Japan's early summer offensive. The important South Chekiang port of Wenchow has been retaken for the second time within a month—this time, apparently, for keeps. Wenchow is peculiarly vital to the United Nations because it is only 200 miles from the strong Japanese naval base on Formosa and only 600 miles from the main Japanese islands. The Chinese have also suc-

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ceeded in reoccupying 140 miles of the strategic Hangchow-Nanchang railways which the Japanese won at such cost in July. In this counter-drive the Chinese have managed to recapture several potential United Nations air bases from which raids may eventually be made against Japan and, at last report, were within 20 miles of Chushien, where one of the largest of Chinese air fields is located. This rather unexpected success may well change the whole strategy of our campaign against Japan. Instead of a long and costly drive from island to island, it may be possible for the United States to undertake a direct aerial offensive against Japan from Chinese bases.

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CHINA'S SUCCESSES HAPPEN TO COINCIDE with the anniversary of the Treaty of Nanking which inaugurated special rights for foreigners in the Middle Kingdom. It was signed August 29, 1842—just one hundred years ago. Within two years of the signing of the treaty both Britain and the United States obtained extra-territorial rights in China. In view of China's magnificent contribution to the cause of the United Nations, what could be more fitting than for the United States to mark the anniversary by formally relinquishing extra-territoriality and all other special privileges in China? Both the United States and Great Britain have indicated their intention to negotiate new treaties with China after the war. But why wait until the war is over? Action now would have a highly beneficial effect on morale not only in China but throughout the East, including India.

Inflation Is Here

BEFORE many weeks have passed the country is going to wake up to the fact that our elaborate price-control mechanism has failed to achieve its purpose. Already serious cracks are appearing in the price ceilings. A fortnight ago the OPA removed all restrictions on the price charged for twenty-five services, including watch repairing, shoe shining, and shoe repairing, and eased the restrictions on the charges for a number of other services. A day or so earlier Henderson had announced that food wholesalers and retailers would be permitted to use an "alternative pricing method," a euphemism for higher prices. A week later the OPA warned that the ceiling prices for some canned vegetables would have to be lifted. The ceiling on canned fruit was raised some time ago so as not to discourage canning during the present season.

On many other items the price ceilings have not yet been tested for the very significant reason that quality has been permitted to deteriorate. In some instances, the OPA has been accused of writing its specifications in such a way as deliberately to force down quality. Such an accusation might be very difficult to prove, but every woman knows this year's $17.95 dress is inferior to last year's regardless of price ceilings. All of this, of course, is just a beginning. Despite controls, basic commodity prices have risen to the level of October, 1926. Farm products are 6 per cent higher than in 1926 and nearly 25 per cent higher than last year at this time. Food prices in the primary markets are 16 per cent higher than a year ago. Uncontrolled food prices rose 7.3 per cent between mid-May and mid-June. The recent price increase in basic commodities is bound to have its effect before long on wholesale and retail costs. Unless the upsurge is stopped, the present ceiling must collapse, leaving us without any effective check against inflation.

Washington dispatches indicate that the President will soon make another effort to stem the inflationary tide by setting up a seven-man Economic Stabilization Authority with broad powers to coordinate federal policies on prices, wages, taxes, and savings. Such an integration of federal policy is badly needed and may bring forth some significant recommendations. But the country must be made to recognize that there is little that any administrative agency can do at this late date. Mr. Henderson and his associates have gone as far as the law allows in carrying on a skilful rear-guard action against inflation. Congress, and Congress alone, is responsible for letting the situation become as serious as it is. Congress alone has the power to forge weapons to meet the peril, and most Congressmen appear to be too busy preparing for the elections to do their jobs.

As Mr. Henderson predicted, the provision in the Price Control Act prohibiting the establishing of farm price ceilings below 110 per cent of parity has greatly weakened the whole price-control mechanism. Since "parity" is not a fixed point but a ratio between farm and industrial prices, the provision probably precludes any ceiling on farm prices, regardless of how high prices may rise. Reversing his earlier position, Secretary Wickard has urged that the 110 per cent limitation be repealed, thus placing responsibility squarely on the doorstep of Congress.

Far more serious, however, than any weakness in the price-control mechanism is the failure of Congress to heed the Treasury's tax recommendations. For there is no way in which prices can be held down if the amount of money in people's pockets greatly exceeds the value of the goods on the shelves of the country's stores. The war bond campaign is draining away part, but only a small part, of the excess purchasing power created by the war. It is now recognized that the Treasury's original $8,700,000,000 tax bill would have been inadequate even if it had been adopted and put in force several months ago. The House bill, now before the Senate, fell short of the Treasury's goal by approximately $2,500,000,000. A sales tax is still being urged in some quarters as a means of filling the gap but it is sheer hypocrisy to de-

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scribe this class measure as anti-inflationary. A sales tax would serve only to limit the buying of the poor; by its very nature it could not tap the surplus unused funds in the hands of the middle and upper income groups. If inflation is to be checked, these surpluses must be put to work. The Treasury has suggested several ways by which this can be done. But only Congress can levy taxes.

Can Labor Unite?

THE new unity negotiations between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. will not begin until late September. Delay in inaugurating the conferences reflects the mood in which they are being approached by most of labor's leaders. There have, of course, been pious statements from both sides voicing their eagerness for a united labor movement. But these notes of hope have invariably been overshadowed by gloomy admonitions not to "expect miracles" and doleful recitations of the obstacles that stand in the way. Some of labor's statesmen seem to feel that optimism would create an upsurge of rank-and-file sentiment, unduly embarrassing the negotiators as they go through the motions. Cynicism over the new peace talks is not universal, but it is unmistakably dominant. And it is bad news for the country as well as for labor.

We do not pretend that the problems cited are imaginary. There are innumerable jurisdictional quarrels to be settled. There are familiar personal incompatibilities that mar the vision of one happy labor family: Joseph P. Ryan, reactionary boss of East Coast longshoreman, and Harry Bridges, West Coast ruler, dramatize the gap. The peace committees include William L. Hutcheson, hard-boiled Tory czar of the A. F. of L. Carpenters, and Julius Emspak, shrewd party-line secretary of the C. I. O. Electrical Workers.

The case can be documented in even more lugubrious detail. It is no anti-labor myth to suggest that personal ambitions are at stake, that some officeholders will have to be pensioned, that redistributions of power must be painfully devised. The real difficulty is that key leaders in the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. are viewing these problems not merely as serious but as insoluble; they seem unable to weigh the sacrifices they must make for unity against the cost—to the war effort as well as to labor's private status—of continued civil war.

Meanwhile, labor continues to protest—justly—that the war effort is gravely hampered by the lack of adequate labor representation in high production councils. As this is written the handful of labor representatives in the War Production Board are heading for a showdown with Donald Nelson over the WPB "freeze-out" of labor men and labor's ideas. Labor has an urgent and compelling indictment. Yet the division in its ranks, the incessant jockeying for position, the determination of both the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. to curb each other's power and prestige has immeasurably aggravated this situation. It was because the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. were unable to agree on a genuine labor spokesman that they finally agreed on Paul V. McNutt for Manpower Commissioner; how can labor raise its voice now over the current inadequacies of McNutt's performance? It is because of inter-labor rivalries that Walter P. Reuther, labor's foremost production expert, still occupies no effective post in the production setup. It is an open secret that appointments of all labor men in the government must be cleared with the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.; but almost inevitably the Administration must select two men—one from each camp—or find a spokesman from outside labor's house. This is no apology for Donald Nelson and others in high government posts who have shunned effective labor appointments. Labor is not the prime villain in the piece; but that does not make any less real its guilt in furnishing ammunition to every foe of labor participation in the war program.

A clear demonstration by labor's heads that they can see beyond the labyrinth of jurisdictional hocus-pocus could reinvigorate the whole mental climate of the war effort. It could—if carried through with full appreciation of its dramatic value—stimulate the spirits of men in Washington and outside who are dismayed by the politics, double-talk, and bureaucratic rivalry which still inhibit the war drive. Unity would be a way of serving notice that labor has terminated unionism-as-usual, and is prepared to assume a role of leadership in the war against fascism.

Only a handful of men in labor's camp have so far seen the affirmative meaning of unity. Sidney Hillman spoke out forcefully last week in a plea for successful prosecution of the unity talks. His statement was apparently inspired by fear of the pessimism and lethargy in high labor places. We hope that Hillman will soon return to an active place in C. I. O. councils. But more than anyone else Philip Murray can change the atmosphere of the unity meetings. Murray is widely respected in both the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.—and by labor's rank-and-file. He has never been accused of narrow personal ambition. He has fought—and licked—John L. Lewis for control of the C. I. O., achieving dignity and eloquence in the course of the struggle. He proved that he was alive to the nation's danger at a time when Lewis was leading the isolationist labor front. Will he recognize as plainly the course of statesmanship in uniting labor's ranks?

For there have been enough speeches about this being "labor's war." It is. And each day of labor's failure to emerge as a decisive factor in guiding that war—on the production front, in political warfare, and in many other areas—will be costly in men and materials and morale.

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War and Confidence

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

WHILE the general staffs study the military, naval, and air lessons of the attack on Dieppe, two conclusions can already be drawn in the political field: the immense desire for a second front was overwhelmingly demonstrated and the possibility that it may be established has inspired evident fear in the ranks of the enemy. Nothing more was needed to electrify the people on both shores of the Atlantic than a headline announcing that Allied soldiers, and especially American soldiers, had landed in France. No Gallup poll, no demonstration in Trafalgar Square, no press campaign ever proved so eloquently the will to take the offensive against the Nazis as the enthusiasm that swept through New York when the news of the raid broke.

I had just seen a striking single expression of this general state of mind. A couple of days before the Dieppe attack I had met casually in the street an old Spanish Republican resident of New York. With him was a man equally Spanish in appearance. He was the last Spaniard to have escaped from Spain who had succeeded in crossing the ocean—without papers, without a ticket or money, as a stowaway on one of the infrequent ships sailing from Portugal. Although visibly wasted from lack of food, he was one of those tough, big-framed men that northern Spain produces. "What's going on there?" I asked. "Much hunger?" This time the word hunger failed to provoke the reaction usual in people who come from Spain. He spoke scarcely a word about his own experience or the sufferings of his people. "There," he said, with an indescribable gesture showing faith and strength at the same time, "everyone is only waiting for these people to attack." "And if they attack, what?" "If the British, and especially if the Americans, land in Spain, along with them will go a million Spaniards—like that." And he thrust out his arms to show the advance of a solid mass. "Like that—along with them—all the way to Berlin." Gladly I would have handed him over to the State Department. The light in his eyes was worth a dozen embassy reports.

Fears that a second front might wipe out the advantages already won in the sweep through Russia have been evident in the way the Axis propaganda service has handled the raid on Dieppe. Its whole effort has been concentrated on creating the impression that the raid was a genuine and carefully prepared attempt to establish a Western front and that its failure had doomed the whole project of invasion. It is to be assumed that the Allied agencies in charge of war information will study the political aspect of the attack with the same zeal that the staffs are devoting to its military aspects. But a casual examination of the handling of this latest incident suggests that, in spite of recent undoubted improvements in Allied propaganda, the Axis still holds the offensive on this crucial front.

This is a situation which will be difficult to change as long as the political position of the United Nations is impaired by so many internal contradictions. Among all the observations on India made by Louis Fischer, the most disquieting is his report of the lack of confidence among the Indians in the promises of the British. And similar doubt exists in other parts of the world as to the Allies as a whole. It is a distrust based not only on the memory of failure to fulfill the promises made during the last war, but also on the presence in the government apparatus of the United Nations of officials who have demonstrated their contempt for the democratic principles enunciated by their leaders.

This has been said a hundred times; it must be said a hundred times more. When the people consider Allied policy toward Vichy, toward Spain; when they see the appeasers and defeatists—who in case of a major military setback would hurry forward to revive the "realism" of Munich—continuing as ministers and ambassadors and advisers, the people ask themselves what kind of a war for democracy is this? To overcome this distrust is as important as to settle the problem of supremacy in the air or the problem of shipping. Even the worst defeats on the military front, even the most disappointing political decisions, would be accepted without protest if the people had full faith in the democratic integrity of their governors. Without such faith no Allied propaganda will be effective in laying the necessary political basis for the gigantic effort which will be required to assume the offensive against the Axis powers.

Most military experts today insist upon the urgency of achieving unity in the direction of the war. They show without difficulty the pressing need of a Supreme War Council supported by inter-Allied commands in the fields of military, economic, and political warfare. Such unity is essential. But it must be created not only in formal or bureaucratic terms; it must be the expression of a clear political purpose accepted by all the United Nations.

It is time to free the people of the world from the tragic conflict involved in fighting a war under colors not their own. If this is a war for democracy the most urgent thing to do is to restore confidence to the peoples of the earth. And this can be achieved only by placing the whole conduct of the war, political as well as military, in the hands of leaders whom the people trust—whether they sit in a cabinet discussing the problem of India, whether they sit with generals and admirals discussing a second front, or whether they sit in a committee of experts laying the foundations for the international society of tomorrow.

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Farley Picks a Loser

BY WILL CHASAN

JIM FARLEY scored a momentary victory over President Roosevelt at the New York State Democratic convention last week, but in doing so he deliberately scuttled his party's chances of electing a Democratic governor. For the politically astute ex-Postmaster General must know that John J. Bennett, the drab and undistinguished Attorney General whom he made the Democratic candidate, has not the slightest hope of defeating Republican Tom Dewey.

Farley obviously was less concerned with Democratic victory than with pushing his personal fight against the President. To the delight of the anti-New Deal press, which after years of denouncing him as an unscrupulous machine boss suddenly found him to be a person of shining integrity, Farley converted the convention into an anti-Roosevelt demonstration. In this he was aided by the Kings County and Queens delegations, in both of which there were strong isolationist and some Coughlinite elements.

Under the influence of these forces, the convention was one of the rowdiest in Democratic Party history. Bennett's supporters came to the nominating session Thursday morning quite certain of victory and rudely eager to get it over with. They listened with noisy indifference to the report on resolutions by Lieutenant-Governor Charles Poletti, following with shouts of "We want Bennett!" Thereafter every speaker for Mead, including Governor Lehman, was heckled and jeered. References to Roosevelt, which had been applauded perfunctorily in the preceding session, were booed. Special Federal Prosecutor Oscar Ewing, who declared that he was "fortified" in his support of Mead by the fact that Roosevelt had declared for him, was booed so insistently that he could not be heard.

The convention majority was unimpressed by the knowledge that Bennett would not have the support of the American Labor Party, which provided Lehman with his margin of victory in the last election. Many delegates were intensely bitter at the A.L.P.'s attempt to influence their choice of a candidate, and unprintable comments on the laborites were heard on all sides in the lobby. The convention received in silence several indirect references to labor support. Representative William Byrne of Albany, the one person who openly urged Mead's nomination on the ground that he would have Labor Party backing, was interrupted so frequently that he required a half-hour to complete a five-minute speech.

Bennett's victory by 623 votes to 393 caused wild enthusiasm among his delegates, but one Tammany leader caustically observed that they were "cheering their own funeral." "They've just thrown 400,000 labor votes out of the window," he said. Several delegates who had been bludgeoned into supporting Bennett by Boss Frank Kelly of Brooklyn were equally pessimistic. One of them said disgustedly, "Farley may be smart, but it doesn't take much brains to pick a loser."

Farley's insistence on Bennett was plainly bad political strategy, inexplicable except in terms of his desire to humiliate the President. The Mead forces, taking their lead from the White House, had offered to accept any "compromise" candidate suggested by Farley and approved by Kelly. They pointed out that both Roosevelt and Lehman had indicated they would not support Bennett. But Farley would not budge. Toward the end it seemed that Bennett's chief virtue, aside from the fact that he was born in Brooklyn, was that he was the one person whom the President had openly opposed.

Actually the Bennett nomination was the President's own fault. Farley was able to name the next Democratic gubernatorial candidate only because Roosevelt failed to commit himself to Senator Mead's candidacy until it was too late. The President, according to one Brooklyn leader, "could have nominated Jim Mead or Joe Doakes if he had spoken soon enough. But he sat on the fence until too many county leaders were sewed up."

As it was, Farley dominated the proceedings. He dictated the nomination, over the courageous but futile opposition of Lehman and Wagner, and in every way was the hero of the sweaty, boisterous convention at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn. He sat on the platform, pink and smiling, while the crowd heckled New Deal speakers. That the most violent heckling came from questionable elements did not detract from his pleasure.

His triumph, however, is destined to be brief. The estrangement of the A.L.P., which has since named its own candidate, and the bitter disunity which the convention brought to the Democratic Party itself, appear to guarantee the election of a Republican governor in New York for the first time in twenty-two years. The only hopeful aspect of such an eventuality is that Bennett's defeat would probably break Farley's hold on the New York Democratic organization, thus thwarting his ambition to lead a solid New York bloc against the New Deal in the national Democratic convention of 1944.

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Germany's Waning Manpower

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

AS GERMANY stands on the threshold of the fourth year of war, its high command faces the urgent problem of a shortage in manpower. At the outbreak of World War II Germany had approximately 20 million men in the age classes between 18 and 48. Of this number 1.3 to 1.5 million were in the army and 18 to 19 million in industry. In the first two years of war, that is, until the German assault on the Soviet Union, the strength of the German army fluctuated between a low of 4 and a high of 6.5 million during the decisive weeks of the campaign in France. To maintain this average of 5 million, German industry had to yield to the army about 4 million men.

It was the task of the German economic general staff to replace these 4 million. More than 1 million women were absorbed by production during this period; foreign "volunteer" workers supplied more than 2 million. In addition, 1.5 million war prisoners were put to work. Thus the 4 million men who had gone into the army were more or less replaced. Furthermore, in the course of the second year the industries of the conquered and occupied regions were more and more drawn into the German war economy, and Germany's production expanded.

The war against the Soviet Union fundamentally changed this state of affairs. In the first place, the army sent against the Soviet Union had to be much stronger than that dispatched to France, Belgium, and Holland. The power of the Soviet armies, the tremendously extended fronts, the far-flung supply system necessitated, according to a conservative estimate, a German army of 7 to 8 million. In addition the Third Reich has been forced to maintain occupation armies, numbering between 1 and 2 million. Casualties, including the wounded, are placed by German sources at about 150,000 a month, or 1.8 million a year, a figure probably below the actual losses.

These figures reveal that the German economic general staff was forced to draw another 5 million men from industry in the second and third years of war and to place them at the disposal of the army. In other words, of the 20 million German men in the most productive age classes, between 18 and 48, only half, at best, are still in industry. The others are either in the army or among the dead, wounded, and missing. Since the war in Russia is exacting such a tremendous sacrifice in blood, the 10 million Germans between 18 and 48 who were left to operate the industrial machine must be constantly diminishing. This is the background against which all German reorganization measures must be viewed.

Germany has done everything to raise the number of foreign "volunteer" workers, but its efforts have not been crowned with any impressive success. The majority of Germany's foreign workers were in the Reich before the Russian drive began, and since then their number has risen by less than 750,000. The large number of Russian prisoners taken, especially in the first few months of the campaign, must be used with caution for fear of their "bad influence" on German workers. Aside from agricultural purposes, they have been of limited use. According to all reports, the performance of foreigners and war prisoners lags far behind that of German workers, and the implication is that they fill hardly 20 per cent of the gap created by the loss of 5 million men to the army.

Tremendous efforts have been made to find substitutes at home and to raise the workers' productive capacity. More and more married women are used in industry, if not by the entire day, then at least by the hour. The age limit too has been relaxed: old-age pension recipients have been put to work again; children from ten to fourteen are employed, not only in agriculture, but in industry as well. For men working hours have been substantially increased, to nine, ten, and even twelve hours.

The German economic general staff realizes clearly that the substance of human productive capacity is being drained, and that such extended working hours can be imposed only for a few months, but it starts out from the assumption that if this drain can bring about great military successes in the decisive summer and fall months of 1942, then the health of industrial workers must be risked, just as the lives of soldiers are risked on the battlefield. A sharp decline in production during the winter of 1942 due to the strain of the past spring and summer must likewise be risked.

This increased pressure on the industrial front has become necessary for still another reason. Since the Polish and French campaigns lasted only a few weeks, the German military general staff could grant millions of soldiers furloughs for extended periods of time to work in industry. Afterwards these men were again placed in active service, together with the younger age classes. The Russian campaign has put an end to this procedure. During the summer and fall offensives of 1941, and in the period of last winter's defensive fight-

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ing, the situation was so precarious that there was no thought of extended furloughs.

Thus, quite aside from the problems caused by the use of foreign workers, war prisoners, and many newly-employed women, old men, and children, a complete change in the economic structure of the Reich is imperative. The German economic general staff is trying to accomplish just such a transformation through further rationalization and centralization of production.

Here again the situation has changed since the early days of the war. In the first two years the process of concentration of plants had been slowed down in Germany because the economic general staff was then bent on incorporating the industries in the conquered and occupied regions into the German war economy and it knew that any steps toward further concentration at home were bound to be strongly resisted by German private business. It felt able to do without such concentration in any case because in the first phase of the war the procession of military victories was resulting in a steady absorption of Europe into Germany's war economy and thus in a growing production of war material. In the beginning of the Russian war there was little change, for a rapid victory was still taken for granted. It was not until the winter campaign against the Soviet Union, and America's entry into the war, that the Germans realized they would have to reckon with a long-drawn-out war. To avoid a sudden decline in arms production and, on the other hand, to turn over additional troops to the army, the economic general staff has been forced to take further measures toward the rationalization of German industry. Despite resistance, smaller plants have been closed down in large numbers and steps taken to assure greater efficiency of operation.

In a recent article in the *Economist*, entitled The Latest Gamble, a London writer analyzes the situation:

> The chief bottleneck is labor. The labor force of Europe is working beyond capacity. A further intake of women is impossible without greatly extending day nurseries and kindergartens—which themselves swallow up more labor; the temporary demobilization of soldiers to work in war factories has not been possible this winter because of the strongly sustained Russian pressure; to bring in more foreign workers would strain factory discipline to the breaking point—its unsatisfactory state can be inferred from the greatly increased severity of the penalties imposed for absenteeism and slacking. There is only one possibility—to increase the efficiency of the war-industries; but the slack that can be taken in here is probably small, and there is a point at which extra planning from the center and extra directives to industry defeat their objective by destroying flexibility and local initiative. . . .
>
> To rationalize industry further and to introduce a new nationwide drive to root out marginal inefficiency would arouse resentment and opposition in the managerial grades and probably frustrate its own purpose. All these and a host of other dilemmas spring from the fact that the Nazis are trying to make an instrument—in this case the productive capacity of Europe—do more than it can do.

One of the methods designed to concentrate production in plants with the greatest capacity is the new method of regulating prices. Until recently a system of cost-plus-profit prices, by which the German state conceded a level of prices within an elaborate set-up of price controls, guaranteed individual enterprises a market for their products at normal profits. Within that system there was room for the smaller enterprises. But now there has been a marked and growing tendency toward a system of "fixed prices," especially in the field of arms production, a system which works independently of individual costs. It is evident that a system of this kind is bound to lead to the throttling of numerous medium-sized and smaller enterprises.

Reorganization of the German economic structure is being carried out by a group of new appointees. Today a former *Gauleiter* of Thuringia named Sauckel is responsible for labor supply. A Professor Speer has been made minister for armaments and munition, and one Herr Werlin, the new head of the transport system. Werlin is now personally responsible to Hitler, since along with manpower, transportation is one of the greatest bottlenecks in the German economy.

In the field of railroad transportation the Third Reich was far less prepared for war than Hohenzollern Germany had been on the eve of the first World War. In 1939 the rolling stock was 80,000 pieces less than in 1929, and the bulk of the railroad cars was more than twenty years old. To meet the acute difficulties, a large-scale building program was adopted, calling for the construction of 6,000 locomotives, 10,000 passenger cars, and 112,000 freight cars during the years 1939 to 1942. The work began in June, 1939, but when the war broke out everything stopped. Nazi Germany won in the West, and the booty in rolling stock yielded approximately as much as the four-year building program had provided for. The relief lasted until the war against the Soviet Union began to drag along at ever-increasing distances from German industrial centers.

Internal difficulties in Germany have clearly multiplied during the second and third years of war. The manpower problem cannot be completely solved; per capita labor output can be increased only up to a point without producing grave consequences. Nevertheless, any analysis of Germany's economic problems which ignores comparable difficulties facing other belligerents can lead to fatal and false conclusions. There is evidence that Soviet Russia has suffered far more severely than Germany; that proportionately, therefore, Germany's position in Europe has not deteriorated. On the con-

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trary, the danger exists that it has grown even stronger. Russia has suffered losses in manpower much greater than those of the Germans and has probably given up close to half of its industries. Regardless of whether, or to what extent, Germany can utilize the industrial regions it has captured, the fact remains that Soviet Russia no longer has them.

In World War I Germany was able to concentrate about 80 per cent of its armies on the Western Front and required only 20 per cent on the Eastern Front. This distribution was possible because German industry out-produced the Russian many times over. Since then the picture has basically changed. Soviet Russia gradually caught up with Germany's industrial production, and also with its arms production. This is why, after its victories in the West, Germany had to throw 80 instead of 20 per cent of its armies against the Soviet Union and yet was unable to win a complete victory. If Germany manages, however, to seize the oil of the Caucasus, to cut the Russian forces in the Northern and Central Fronts from those in the South, then even though the Red Army may still remain in the field, the Nazis could withdraw millions from the Eastern Front and concentrate them at the various potential invasion spots of Europe.

Any discussion of the second front must take into account this possibility. We have been asking too many questions and talking too much about the tonnage, troops, planes, and tanks available for opening a second front. True, month by month, our resources increase. But the main point is this: Nazi Germany is no static enemy. With a major military success on the Russian front it may find 50 per cent of its forces, or even 30 per cent, adequate for Eastern operations, instead of the 80 now required. Millions of German soldiers would then be released for other theaters of war.

To be sure, a second front is a risk, but failure to create it may be by far the greater risk.

France's Turncoat Artists

BY MINNA LEDERMAN

SOME weeks ago the New York *Times* ran a picture of Mistinguette, Parisian music-hall star of lo these many years, taken arm-in-arm with Georges Carpentier and Max Schmeling. Giving her Nazi companion the glad eye and a toothy smile, she was valiantly making publicity for Franco-German *Kultur*. As a scene in conquered territory it was brutally effective. As a symbol of the new cultural tie it was an understatement, since that front now extends far beyond the level of the night club and the sports arena. When distinguished men of arts and letters lend their prestige to the New Order, "collaboration" assumes a more profound dimension, and Paris, to whose great traditions all the Western world is in debt, takes on the aspect of a city captive not only in body but in heart and mind as well.

The recent visit to Germany of several well-known French painters and sculptors has by its very irony been an extraordinary tribute to Hitler. During the furious years of the war on *Kulturbolschevismus*, the School of Paris was one of his favorite whipping boys. Cubism, surrealism, even impressionism were branded as "excrescences of lunatics or degenerates." In 1938, after the Munich show of "decadent art," the canvasses of Picasso, Van Gogh, Matisse, Laurencin, Gris, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, even Pissarro, Gaugin, and Cézanne were stripped from the German museums. But when Hitler beckoned, only a few months ago, five painters—André Derain, Maurice de Vlaminck, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Kees van Dongen (Dutch by birth but French by long residence), and Othon Friesz—and the famous sculptor Charles Despiau, left Paris to make a specially conducted *Studienreise* through the Third Reich. Unmentioned of course was the expulsion of works by Vlaminck and Derain (Derain's *Valley of the Lot at Vers* was salvaged in 1939 by New York's Museum of Modern Art). After visiting a number of cities, the group wound up in Berlin and posed for pictures to be distributed all over Europe with captions about Franco-German cultural ties.

Not more than six weeks old is a letter from Banyuls, in southern France, which reports the departure for Paris by the sculptor Aristide Maillol, on the first leg of a similar journey to Berlin. Maillol is of course no modern; his serene "healthy" nudes have long been popular in the Reich. But since he is now over eighty and has been living and working peacefully in his own home in the comparative security of the unoccupied region, news of his decision comes as a shock.

Shortly before the tour of the French artists, the Germans staged a traveling musical show. Composer Florent Schmitt, his seventy-two years giving him the prestige of a dean, and two Swiss musicians whose careers are closely associated with France—Arthur Honegger, composer of the Group of Six, and Robert Bernard, editor of the new, German-authorized, Parisian review *L'Information Musicale*—led a body of respectable publishers and academy chiefs to a Mozart festival in Vienna, where they were welcomed as guests of Richard Strauss

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at a grand reception in honor, again, of Franco-German cultural relations.

Collaboration, however, is not all parties and junkets. Long before the war, France had its own fascist intellectuals: Abel Bonnard, the essayist, Alphonse de Chateaubriant, whose *La Gerbe des Forces* saluted Hitler at the time of Munich, Jacques Chardonne, novelist and publisher, and Alfred Fabre-Luce. (For such figures there is no counterpart either in the United States, where the openly fascist press is demagogic and illiterate, or in Britain where, if more aristocratic, it has been exclusively political.) Convinced, didactic, learned, elegant, these Frenchmen now dominate the Parisian world of letters. Around them and Drieu la Rochelle, who has transformed the once great *Nouvelle Revue Française* into a medium for every dubious and reactionary opinion, revolve all the lesser writers whose sympathies have long been suspect, and many an aspiring new careerist who sees a future where none was offered before. As leaders, they supply the spinal column to a policy that might otherwise be purely opportunist and fluid. They give the New Order its Parisian accent.

The Germans, too, make a major contribution to this front. They have rigged up a stage-set of "Paris-as-usual" in the midst of a France despoiled by war which is a triumph of Nazi advertising techniques. Forty houses of the *haute couture* are now subsidized so that they may operate freely, unrestrained by the drastic textile rations imposed elsewhere. This supplies the necessary "tone" for visiting Nazi big-wigs, and for the local bankers and big motor and steel men, collaborationists from way back. Hostesses for the Franco-German set are easily flushed from cover. The Marquise de Polignac (of the champagne family that once employed Ribbentrop) and the Comtesse de Noailles have reopened their salons. Heavy culture jobs are awarded to discreet scholars and artists. The distinguished painter, Georges Braque, becomes director of Les Gobelins. The opera, going full blast, enjoys the enthusiastic services of the French Wagnerian star, Germaine Lubin, whose Mercedes limousines are conspicuous on the not very crowded boulevards. Serge Lifar, Diaghilev's famous legacy to the ballet, is once more packing them in. The pianist Henri Février plays for the troops of occupation. Government-regulated bookshops display the novels of Louis Ferdinand Céline in gaudy covers. Glamor girls and glamor boys are all over the place, when they are not in Berlin: Corinne Luchaire, daughter of the newly-made publisher and already the past *amie* of the Nazi ambassador, Otto Abetz; Danielle Darrieux (once of Hollywood), Yvonne Printemps, Sascha Guitry, Pierre Fresnay, Raimu (of "The Baker's Wife"). Harry Bauer who accepted an invitation to Berlin was imprisoned there on discovery of his non-Aryan ancestry; Maurice Chevalier, not a collaborationist but ardent for Pétain, at last report, refused to go and now confines his tours to unoccupied France. And with a poetic sense of timing, Jean Cocteau, perennial Ward McAllister of Paris social-artistic life, bobs up again, a piece for Chateaubriant's new magazine *La Gerbe* in one hand and in the other the key to his old night club, Le Boeuf sur le Toit.

Paris even has Picasso, which is perhaps Hitler's shrewdest touch. By every expectation Picasso should have been turned over to Franco with other Spanish anti-fascists caught in France after the Civil War. His political sympathies are irrevocably on record in the mural, "Guernica," which is a piece of surrealism to boot. But as a prisoner of war Picasso would be an international embarrassment both to Spain and Germany. Living unmolested in the French capital, on the other hand, he is a demonstration to all the world of the new Nazi tolerance and sophistication. Thus he visits his old cafés, is courted by Abetz himself, and sees his pictures going, at prices fabulously beyond their pre-war level, to the new German "tourists" who buy French paintings as an investment against possible inflation at home.

"The season is excellent," wrote Georges Auric, a composer of Cocteau's circle, in last year's *Nouvelle Revue Française*. His only regret was the monotony of musical programs, the absence of new works. But, as the emigré composer, Arthur Lourié, pointed out, since that complaint has been fashionable for many a year, "one gets the impression that 'nothing' has happened except that the Germans are there!"

This noisy parody of yesterday's world is of course no faithful mirror of contemporary French culture. It does not even reflect Vichy's contribution to the New Order. Grouped around Pétain, whose "official" magazine is appropriately the ancient *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are Academicians like André Chaumeix and Henri Bordeaux, the famous pianist Alfred Cortot, now attached to the Department of Education—not one of them a day under sixty-five—and Henri Massis, of the *Revue Universelle*. Vichy is more "correct" than Paris (unlike Février, for instance, Cortot will not play for the German army) and on the whole far duller; the volatile novelist Paul Morand and some of the younger men attached to Radio Vichy—Hugues Panassié (of *Le Jazz Hot*) and a few members of La Jeune France are rare exceptions.

Many of the most impressive of France's intellectual leaders live outside the orbit of the capital and have drawn away from Vichy. André Gide on the Riviera conducts a subtle rear-guard action against Paris. Paul Valéry is philosophically remote at Montpellier. Paul Claudel, no lover of the pre-war order, after paying his respects to Pétain, has publicly protested some of Vichy's more fascist decrees and retired to live at Brangues (Isère). André Malraux, at work on a new novel, remains obscurely in the south, and so too does Louis

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Aragon, whose poetry is now being translated and published in the United States. Francis Poulenc, another composer of Les Six, lives and works in Marseilles. Henri Matisse, Pierre Bonnard, and Raoul Dufy continue to paint in the unoccupied zone, despite the prevailing shortage of pigment and canvas. Under the conditions of military conquest, most of these men have been rendered politically inarticulate. Even more effectively silenced are two brilliant writers in the occupied region—Georges Duhamel and Francis Mauriac.

In America the number of famous personages coming from France grows steadily larger. Musicians here now include the composers Igor Stravinsky and Darius Milhaud and the great harpsichordist Wanda Landowska. Among the writers are the Catholic leader Jacques Maritain, the surrealist poet André Breton, the novelists Jules Romains, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, André Maurois, and the playwright Henri Bernstein. The artists include Fernand Léger, Yves Tanguy, Ossip Zadkine, André Masson, Marc Chagall, Pavel Tchelichew, Eugène Berman, Marcel Duchamps, and the sculptor Jacques Lipchitz. Among the cinema lights are the directors René Clair, Jean Renoir, Jean Benoit-Lévy, and Henry Diamant-Berger, and the actors Michèle Morgan and Jean Gabin. There is also the emigré press, notably Geneviève Tabouis's paper *Pour La Victoire,* for which the ex-deputy, Henri de Kerillis writes his weekly political essay, and *La Voix de France,* of which Henri Torres, the famous lawyer, has just been made editor. In Buenos Aires, Roger Caillois has founded a magazine-in-exile, *Lettres Françaises.* (Jean Paulhan, former editor of the *N. R. F.,* was imprisoned by Abetz after the armistice and is now marooned in Paris.)

This is an impressive assembly of the great, the near great, the talented, the skilful. But it is in no sense a fighting front coordinated in opposition to the Franco-German line. For almost ten years artists and intellectuals in exile have borne witness against fascist doctrine, their very presence being in itself a powerful indictment. But the enormous prestige of distinguished Frenchmen living beyond their own borders has not yet been fully exploited against the order that excludes them.

America and, to some extent, Britain have greatly underestimated the influence of such figures in the strategy of psychological warfare. The Germans, on the contrary, have shown complete mastery in manipulating this power. All up and down Europe, in conquered and even in enemy territory, they have felt out the soft spots. Though the Netherlands government is in exile, Willem Mengelberg makes regular visits to Germany, conducts orchestras in Berlin and Munich, takes part in political conferences. Kirsten Flagstad, leaving America after many years to rejoin her husband, now a member of Quisling's government in Oslo, is routed through Germany by the helpful Nazis, and stops off in Berlin to make a widely broadcast speech of appreciation. P. G. Wodehouse, a prisoner of war, finds himself at the Adlon and obligingly goes on the air to tell millions in Britain and America how comfortable is life in a German hotel.

To these artistic-political maneuvers American reaction has been curiously antipathetic. Stories about European artists who play the Nazi game, even those with a large popular following here, are inadequately treated in the press. There is a tendency to write off the political activities of celebrities as casual and irresponsible, something it is more sporting to forget than to remember. Public opinion, however, can be aroused in this field as in any other. It can be made articulate and conveyed as a warning, by radio, underground press, or any other of our elaborate propaganda mechanisms. A campaign to enlighten France, traditionally sensitive to American reaction—and to the American market—would have its own realism. Even in Paris today, among men of arts and letters, there must be many not yet completely indifferent to their prestige beyond the German sphere of Europe, and not without some concern for their "historical position." To reach the mind of France is an effort worth making for more than immediate reasons. The obliteration of Paris as a focal center of culture and humane civilization would be an irreparable loss, not only to France but to the whole post-war world.

"Reports trickling through from neutral sources say it was quite a raid."

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A British View on India

BY NORMAN ANGELL

[*The two past issues of* The Nation *carried articles by Louis Fischer strongly supporting the position of the Congress Party in the tragic political struggle now proceeding in India. The following statement is a dissent written from a British point of view by a distinguished liberal who, like Mr. Fischer, is a contributing editor of* The Nation.]

WHEN, somewhat over two years ago, the government of France surrendered, retired to Vichy, and abandoned the cause of the Allies, it is very doubtful whether the elderly and religious Pétain or the less elderly but even more religious Weygand, or, in fact, most of the Vichy men, felt, or would have admitted for a moment that they were, guilty of treachery, either to their country or to mankind. They were, by all accounts, honestly convinced—as were so many in other countries, including the United States—that Britain would fall within a matter of weeks, or at most months, and that for France to make a stand in Africa, using that territory and the French navy for further resistance, would be merely to expose the French people to fruitless torments, and to aggravate the terms they would finally have to accept.

The more nationalist of the men about Pétain doubtless argued that their first duty was to France; that they had no obligation, indeed no right, to consider what might be the effect of surrender upon the fate of Britain or of other nations, much as another high-minded nationalist, Mr. De Valera, has consistently argued since the war started that however perilous to the allied cause the battle of the Atlantic may become, Eire should do nothing to help win it by the lease of bases unless and until it is allowed to incorporate the recalcitrant Protestant North into the Catholic South. Such is the normal nationalist scale of values, such is Mr. De Valera's. No one has ever doubted the moral rectitude, the saintliness, of this champion of Irish rights.

When Pétain opened negotiations with Hitler, the French people may have wanted to continue resistance. But it made no difference. For, despite their long tradition of self-government, freedom, republicanism, and revolutionary action, the people were at that moment helpless in the hands of a tiny clique at the center, a few politicians who held the powers of government. It was this political collapse, the political impotence of the French people, which brought about military surrender—the refusal to continue the war from Africa—a fact which, just previous to surrender, Churchill realized. To forestall what he saw coming, he offered France a solemn Act of Union with Britain, feeling that if the two governments could be merged, the influence of the British policy of continued resistance might carry the French section of the common government along.

That offer of course came too late. Suppose it had come earlier, at the beginning of the war, and had been accepted. We can say with unqualified certainty that many Frenchmen would have bitterly resented it. Anglophobia has always been a weapon of certain political groups in France. Even if the Union had been achieved we should have had strong demands, as soon as things went badly, for its dissolution, as necessary for the strengthening of French morale; so that the French could "once more fight for their own country."

Britain would then have been presented with a very pretty political and moral problem, an exceedingly difficult choice of military risks. It would have been compelled either to insist upon retention of existing ties, even against the weight of (possibly) majority opinion in France; or to dissolve the new Union with the risk of there occurring precisely what has occurred.

It is the kind of dilemma which will present itself under very varying forms, but embodying the same fundamental choice, again and again as the war goes on over the world; particularly perhaps in the Near and Middle East. Indeed it has already presented itself in a relatively mild form in Iran, Iraq, Syria, and Egypt. It is the kind of situation now confronting us in a tragic and perilous form in India.

The main dispute there is on the matter of timing. When should political changes affecting every function of government be instituted? During war, or after? That the British will in any case leave India at no distant date, continuing there the process of de-imperialization already carried out in the Dominions, no informed Indian or Briton really doubts; and if there were doubts, complete guarantees on that score by the governments of the United Nations could be given. Is the increased tempo of agitation due precisely to the fact that both of the main Indian communities are now fully convinced that Britain will most certainly leave India, and that each side desires to use the special powers of war to crystallize the particular form of constitution it desires; or to prevent the other side from doing the same?

It serves no purpose to discuss this problem in terms simply of Mr. Gandhi's sincerity. His sincerity, his saintliness are not in question. Indeed, it is precisely his sincerity and his saintliness, his fanaticism, if you will, that is so big a part of the problem.

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Here is a leader who sways millions, and who for most of his long life has urged passionately the effectiveness of pacifism, of non-violence as the best means of defense; who, as late as the beginning of this month, defended the proposal (which, he said, would be one of the first acts of a free Indian government) to send a mission to Japan and Germany to reason with the government of those states. To recall this is not to "smear" Gandhi; it is, on the contrary, to assume the deep sincerity of the convictions he has professed throughout his life, convictions which must, precisely because of their depth, affect—even though it be unconsciously—the course of his policy, and consequently the policy of the party he dominates.

Gandhi is ready, we are told, to give the military a free hand. But war is primarily a political act, in the sense that the decision to begin it or end it, is made, not by the soldiers but by governments, by politicians, who control the means of war—the voting of the necessary funds, their collection, the passing, or extension, of selective service acts, the mobilization of material, the whole complexity of civil functions.

The Congress demand is that in the midst of a world war in which the fate of some two score nations and all hope of democracy anywhere is at stake, all powers of government in the vast Indian sub-continent be handed over to a single party, dominated by a mystic, hypnotic, and incalculable personality, subject to changing moods.

No one with any knowledge of Indians can doubt the genuineness (however one may question the reasonableness) of Moslem fears of any form of constitution or government which threatens to crystallize Hindu domination. It no more meets the Moslem case to offer the Moslems guarantees within a state predominantly Hindu, than it met the Irish case to offer guarantees within a state predominantly British. The Irish could have complete equality with Englishmen within a British state. They did not ask for equality; they asked for separateness, independence, on the ground that they made a separate corporate body, a nation. Moslems and others, far more distant from Hindus than Irish are from English, or Catholic from Protestant, make similar claims with respect to Hindus. Jinnah has just declared that Moslem India would regard it as a gross betrayal of Moslem rights and a breach of faith with Moslem India for Britain to accede to the Congress demands. A Holy War against Britain in India, even though it be for having yielded to Hindu demands, would help the Axis to light fires throughout the Moslem world.

The question is not whether the misgivings are one hundred per cent justified, but whether we shall get anywhere by ignoring them, either with the British or the Moslems. Efforts now should be directed toward (1) full negotiation between the Moslem League and the Congress Party; (2) between the British and both Indian groups; (3) release of Gandhi and other Congress leaders on their undertaking to cease sabotage of the war effort through deliberate paralysis of industry and transport (*not* to exact this would be militarily a crime); (4) securing American and United Nations guarantees for the promise of post-war independence; with, possibly, but more cautiously, (5) the setting up of a United Nations Political Council or Commission whose functions would be conciliatory, or arbitrational, to facilitate the largest measure of wartime independence compatible with the effective prosecution of the struggle; this last condition to be the *sine qua non* of any change to be made during the war.

In the Wind

SAMUEL PETTENGILL, the ex-Congressman from Indiana who was recently appointed chairman of the Republican Finance Committee, is not only a former member of America First but is today chairman of the League for Constitutional Government, which is as reactionary in domestic affairs as America First was in foreign affairs. Pettengill's appointment was the second of its kind made by Joseph W. Martin; last year Martin appointed Clarence Buddington Kelland, another America Firster, as publicity director of the Republican National Committee.

DESPITE ALL THE TALK of impending labor unity, the C.I.O. moved into its new Washington headquarters on August 22.

SINCE THE NAZIS have adopted and neutralized the V-for-Victory campaign in occupied Europe, anti-fascists have been using the letter F, which stands for *Frieden*—peace. According to current reports, the campaign has met with some success, particularly in Germany.

IN AN INTERVIEW with a Hearst reporter, Senator Taft of Ohio listed three phases of recent government activity which he views with alarm. They are, 1) the indictment of twenty-eight individuals on sedition charges; 2) the investigation of the Chicago *Tribune;* 3) the speeches of Archibald MacLeish.

AT THE CONVENTION of the United Auto Workers, the communists argued in committee against the union's ban on Nazis, fascists, and communists, which was inserted in the Constitution last year. However, the constitutional committee held its ground, and the communists quickly retreated. The issue never came to the floor.

A GOOD MANY Russian actors who left the country in 1917 are now fighting for the role of Stalin in the movie version of *Mission to Moscow.* But, according to *Variety,* the part will probably go to an American.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Silone's Catacombs

THE SEED BENEATH THE SNOW. By Ignazio Silone. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

"BREAD AND WINE" was the Exile's return. Pietro Spina had fled back to Italy, in escape from the nightmare of émigré-life, from the hallucinations of the theorizers with their paradigmatic revolutions. Back in his country, he discovered that party lines, underground networks below, and slogans from above, had very little to do with the day-by-day calvary of an Abruzzan village; but he also found that his hunger for truth and his kinship for "the insulted and the injured" converged to the same point as the libertarian instincts of an old parish-priest, and the chaste boldness of an intensely religious girl. The puzzling last chapter of that book described a flight into the mountains, a blind man's buff between fascist police, the girl, and Pietro, almost dying but still undefeated.

Silone's new novel resumes the tale where it left off, but is more than a sequel. It is an attempt to deepen the meaning of Pietro's road to Damascus and point toward a solution. The plot is deliberately thin. As in the other book, Silone's dual approach combines felicitously the grotesque and the pathetic. On one side is a mural of the villagers, some of whom, like Zia Eufemia, are more bitterly picturesque than even their crudest prototypes in Fontamara's gallery. Silone's chief target is the eloquent, pushing village-lawyer—a type that has plagued Italy immemorially. Man of petty affairs, fixer, and self-appointed spokesman of whatever ideology happens to be in power, now Spanish Jesuitism, now the "immortal principles of 1789," now the dictatorship of the proletariat—Silone shows him in his latest incarnation, fornicating with the gospel of Rosenberg and Goebbels.

On the other side, there are the positive characters. Donna Maria Vincenza, Pietro's grandmother, tries to secure him an official permit to "live"; but vigorous Christian that she is, she is soon convinced that the whitewashing would not be worth the degradation of begging for it. The Catholic Signora in her eighties and her prodigal grandson join together in a calm refusal to compromise with Mammon or Caesar. Pietro leaves his grandmother's home for a Tolstoyan refuge in a stable, with Simone-the-Polecat, a fellow-rebel, and Infante, a deaf-mute peasant and the village idiot. They find a new life in friendship and simplicity. They don't fight fascism any more, they ignore it. Here is the first of the new and joyous catacombs of Italy. Patiently and cheerfully, Pietro teaches Infante a few words: *pane, compagno, letizia.* They stammer and respell together the small dictionary of man's brotherhood. They call on forgotten acquaintances throughout the region, not to discuss politics but to reaffirm human ties. Pietro feels more responsible for Infante than for a child of his flesh. Infante has a father, who, having abandoned him decades before to look for work in America, now reappears, almost penniless but repentant. Infante dislikes him and fears that he may separate him from Pietro and Simone. One morning, on entering a shelter, Pietro discovers that Infante has killed his father—nobody could say exactly why. But when the police come, Pietro declares: "I killed him." He is led to jail.

What is the seed then that lies beneath the snow? What is ripening under the frozen fascist earth? Toward the end, partially against the author's will, the novel turns symbolic. The stable with its ass is indeed a symbol, and a quite evangelic one. Liberation from fascism, Silone seems to imply, has very little to do with politics, and even less with resounding words. It is a deaf-mute covenant between simple friends, against a society more unreal even than oppressive. And against the church too, but in a very Christian way. It is indeed a revolutionary Christianity, hiding itself again in catacombs.

Why does Pietro go to jail in the place of Infante? Because salvation is not in new laws, but in a new pact of friendship; and in friendship the stronger is *always* responsible for the weaker, the articulate for the inarticulate, the intellectual for the proletarian, whatever the latter may do. And the only way to root out people's crimes is to share —or even take entirely upon oneself—their consequences.

"All right," said a friend to whom I had been giving my interpretation of "The Seed Beneath the Snow," "but what about its art? Is it a great novel?" I really wouldn't know. To me it is so appalling a document of what Italy's nondescript "underground" is slowly and mysteriously aiming at, that I am unable to judge it as a novel from a purely formal point of view. I wouldn't be surprised if some good critic called it dull, or naive, or incoherent. To me it reads like a letter from friends in distress and hope.

Strange things are happening to Europe. Our movie-goers are already familiar with streamlined commandos and their auxiliaries on the Continent; our official blue-printers for day after tomorrow are dreaming of antediluvian laissez faire, or neatly interlocking new Leagues; but meanwhile Europe, disregarding these versions of herself, is going her own way. The new wind is stirring in Italy, more, I guess, than anywhere else. There fascism will be twenty years old this fall; which made Borgese remind us the other day that a dog, at twenty, has exceeded his proper term of life. It is literally a new seed that is ripening abroad. To define it hurriedly is to betray it. The only thing one can say is that of the three holy words, neither Anglo-Saxon liberty nor Soviet equality is first: the accent is on fraternity.

Like Italy's future, Silone's novel is an unknown quantity. Perhaps it will take on more shape and weight with the coming events. Today's day-dream may be hailed tomorrow as a prophecy or a masterpiece.

PAOLO MILANO

P. S. I cannot help adding a few words about the book's jacket, which is touchingly true to the title in a triumph of bad taste. There is a tree, green on the top, in spite of a Hollywoodian snowfall, and there *is* the seed, botanically

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faithful to the point of looking like an acorn—or a capsule of explosive. Silone, however, is more likely to get angry at the sensational statement in the biographical notice that he was born "of an aristocratic Italian family."

Victory by Air

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY. By William B. Ziff. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.50.

GLOBAL WAR: AN ATLAS OF WORLD STRATEGY. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman. William Morrow and Company. $1.

EVER since the first World War theorists in all countries have insisted that the latent striking force of the air arm is so great that it ought to become the principal weapon. The Italian Douhet, for example, came to regard the land army as a mere protective garrison for the air ports. As in Douhet's case, the idea was not always well adapted to the capacities of the theorist's country. But since the fall of France there has risen in Britain a small but competent school of thought which urges that whatever may be the truth about the revolutionary potential of air power in general, the systematic demolition of Germany by air bombardment is the only form of warfare left available to Britain. It is noteworthy that Lieutenant Colonel Garsia, the most persistent advocate of this idea in Britain, did not change his opinion when Russia's entry into the war readjusted the balance of land forces. The American Mr. Ziff who, unlike Garsia, is an aviation expert, does not consider that his country's belligerence has in the least altered the case. Mr. Ziff, one feels, would make out a powerful and persuasive brief for considering all other arms as adjuncts whatever the strategic and tactical problems confronting the United Nations. As it is, however, he follows both lines of argument. The airplane has revolutionized war, he says; in any case, he adds, in our present predicament what else can we do but put our trust in planes? We cannot expect to land so large and good a force on the continent that victory might appear certain. Only when industrial Germany has been destroyed and her army and her people partially demoralized can we hope to do that. Let us make up our minds once and for all then, Mr. Ziff demands, and concentrate upon the air force, for not even the United States can build so vast a fleet of planes and at the same time equip a land army of the magnitude apparently contemplated.

Whatever one may decide, "The Coming Battle of Germany" is a virtuoso performance in advocacy. Its propositions are fundamental and clearly stated, they are embodied in brilliantly worded and lucid trains of thought and the conclusions reached are positive and final for the author's thinking. The result is a book one can stand up to and reckon with, in which there is no trace of querulousness, humbug, or vagueness.

Caution is sometimes absent, too. It is, one may remark, the Air Enthusiast rather than the Strategist in Mr. Ziff who provides the pungency of style and the fervor of conviction. It is the Air Enthusiast who, noting that a four-month turn-round is required by a ten-knot freighter in

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servicing a depot in the Red Sea, adds that a modern cargo plane, which can carry 20 tons, "could easily make seventy trips a year . . . delivering 140,000 tons of cargo." The Air Enthusiast can lick ten, it would seem, or ten times ten. The Strategist, on the other hand, is a level-headed fellow with a powerful conception. Sometimes he opens a really big window on the theater of war.

> As long as the Soviet giant existed he [Hitler] did not dare expand all his energies in the construction of an unfettered air fleet which could attack Britain frontally. . . . By wrecking the potential menace of the Soviet Army the Nazi leader hoped he could free himself from the tyranny of voracious land establishments . . . so as to be able to concentrate his efforts on the creation of that unlimited [air] power he needs to bring the British to their knees. . . . If and when the Nazis beat their Muscovite adversaries down, we may prepare to be shocked by the sudden springing of a gigantic air fleet which will sweep all before it and will allow us no further time for recuperation.

German reconnaissance flights, one may note, have been far more numerous this year than last while bombing operations have not been heavy. This at least suggests that the German Air Intelligence is preparing its own scheme of destruction for Britain. Therefore, on any theoretical basis, we must rush every available plane into the British base and step up the air offensive now. At this point, the reviewer would point out that if the reader belongs to the orthodox Second Front Now School he may find a powerful argument in Mr. Ziff's conception. He might argue that if the Soviet collapses the new Luftwaffe will be able to blast every factory and every man-Jack off the British deck. Only a land invasion, he might continue, can prevent Hitler from building that air power. Mr. Ziff, of course, would meet the danger by stepping up the rate of bombing at once. As for production he would have Britain concentrate on fighters and America on heavy bombers which do not need surface portage to the Isles. That, one may remark, is an idea that the two countries have yet to agree about. The British, with a strategical problem quite different from that which dictated the type of American planes, are not prepared to accept American models exclusively.

If Mr. Ziff had his way our other fronts would be held defensively until Germany collapsed. Strategy and tactics as hitherto understood would be reduced to a comparatively unimportant study. In that case Mr. Mowrer's and Miss Rajchman's excellent book would not need to be written. As it is, however, rarely has the amateur war student been offered such honest-to-God value. What the authors set out to do is first to describe exactly what moves are dictated to or made possible for each country by its fundamental geographical features and then to show the relation between the various fields of battle. The simplicity of the ways of war rather than their complexity is what emerges.

Short as the book is, it really does explain the logic behind about nine-tenths of the past and present action of the war. You will not remain indifferent to the Japanese occupation of islands in the Aleutian Archipelago if you will look at Miss Rajchman's map. You will not consider the occupation of Iceland and Greenland as mere political devices, as the isolationists once told us they were, if you will forget maps drawn upon plane projections and study the Arctic as here represented. "Global War" is a brief introduction to a subject that can only be studied *in extenso* in the history of all previous wars. But the layman who is prepared to straighten out a few confessed contradictions will find in this book all the geo-strategical knowledge he will need. It is all the more a pleasure to recommend "Global Strategy" because the basic simplicity of its maps makes it impossible that the book should date.

RALPH BATES

Postscript

AMONG his other laudable activities, Carey McWilliams finds time to read articles on poetry, including my own series of remarks in these columns several weeks ago. I am thankful to him for calling my attention to the work done by Alan Swallow in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Swallow pamphlets are issued in limited editions of 200 copies, priced at 25 cents each, attractively made, with excellent typography and paper. They include "Verse, 1931-38" by Clayton Stafford, "The Well" by Barbara Gibbs, and "Morning Rise, and Other Poems" by Lincoln Fitzell. Except for the title poem in Mr. Fitzell's collection, a certain sameness about this verse suggests a school guided and formed by an impressive master of apprentices. Perhaps the clue is to be found in the verses which Mr. Stafford entitled A Word to Critics. Firm metrics and formal precision are good things, but one would like to find, in younger writers especially, a little more passionate assertion of individuality. Miss Gibbs includes, in addition to her own work, three translations from Valéry; the second of these, The Spinner, is particularly fine.

Mr. Fitzell is also represented by a longer collection, "In Plato's Garden." This book, 97 pages, is priced at $1; one would like to see more books of poetry as good-looking as this available for the same price. Mr. Fitzell has the indorsement of Yvor Winters, to whom he seems "surely one of the memorable poets of our time"; and in turn Mr. Fitzell considers "the Fugitive group of poets and critics, and the group headed by Yvor Winters as most fruitful of good work in this country." This reviewer's enthusiasm is somewhat less, but he is willing enough to accept the statement as a definition of limitations—his own or somebody else's. Mr. Fitzell's poetry seems to me frail, cold, and elegant, with such emphasis on elegance that in time one comes to suspect even the apparent inelegancies—the split infinitives, the false rhymes, the wrenched accents, the excessive declarations—of being manifestations, probably, of super-finesse. Perhaps one can dwell too long in Plato's garden, admire too much the flawless marble, the face without storm or "sign of beauty, terror, or of pain."

Bound in paper, for the same price as Mr. Fitzell's book, is a pamphlet by Richard Lake called "Fool's Fable"; a similarly bound collection, "Score for This Watch," by James Franklin Lewis, costs 50 cents. As between the two, Mr. Lake is the better buy.

Mr. Swallow has also published a 72-page, 50-cent pamphlet edition of three Spanish-American poets. These are Carlos Pellicer (Mexico), Pablo Neruda (Chile), and Jorge

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Carrera Andrade (Venezuela). The translators are Mary and C. V. Wicker, Joseph Leonard Grucci, and Lloyd Mallan. A brief account of each poet's life and work is given, and the translations do not sound too much like something you have to read when you are correcting homework. Neruda's political phase might have been more fully presented, but Hispanophiles and good neighbors in general should not overlook this collection.

James A. Decker of Prairie City, Illinois, takes exception to some of my earlier remarks. He seems to think it was ungracious to his firm to wish Clark Mills a book all to himself, not merely a selection in the Laughlin series of "Five Younger Poets"; Mr. Decker points out that his firm has already published three books by Mr. Mills, and that more than half the material in the Laughlin edition was taken verbatim from the Decker series. This reviewer pleads to some negligence in not noting these facts, but there seems to be some difference of opinion between Messrs. Laughlin and Decker as to what constitutes a book. A translation of Mallarmé is hardly a book "all to himself," and my main point, anyway, was that Mr. Mills should not be in too much of a hurry. When I said that the appearance of the book by Winfield Townley Scott was inferior to the quality of its content, Mr. Decker thinks that I thereby "destroyed quite a few sales which might have developed into a growing audience for the poet in question." I do not see how Mr. Decker can prove this, and I would be sorry if it were true. He makes a sound point when he urges that books of poetry should be judged rather for content than for pretty get-up. The lot of the independent, unsupported, operating-on-a-shoestring publisher of poetry is indeed hard and full of disappointments and frustrations. The literary world, like the rest of the universe, is unjust, and its arrangements are one-sided; but before he can convict editors and reviewers of a conspiracy of silence against him, the poor "poetry publisher" (again the quotes to which Mr. Decker objects) must assume the burden of proof that beyond any shadow of doubt he is not, even partially, an entrepreneur of verse.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

CONTRIBUTORS

WILL CHASAN is associated with the publicity department of a national labor organization.

FRITZ STERNBERG, an authority on the economics of war, is the author of "Fivefold Aid to Britain."

MINNA LEDERMAN is the editor of *Modern Music*, published by the League of Composers.

NORMAN ANGELL, a member of *The Nation's* Board of Contributing Editors, won the Nobel peace prize in 1933.

PAOLO MILANO, an Italian writer and dramatic critic, is now teaching romance languages at Queens College.

RALPH BATES, distinguished English novelist, served in the Spanish Republican army and has written extensively on political subjects.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES has recently published a book of verse entitled "Out of the Jewel."

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IN BRIEF

FOLLOW THE LEADER. By Clyde Brion Davis. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.

Like so many novelists Mr. Davis seems to exhaust his creativity on the childhood of his central character. The section of his book that deals with Charles Martel as a puny, sniveling youngster in a small city in Missouri is so superior to what follows as almost to be different in kind; once Charley returns from the war (the First World War) and becomes a power in the community he begins to read like a smooth-paper success story.

THE DRUMS OF MORNING. By Philip Van Doran Stern. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.00.

Another battle in the War between the States as fought on the literary front, this time the North getting in its licks. Although Mr. Stern's story about the Abolitionist movement is carefully documented, told with loving detail, and laudable in its passionate stand for freedom, literarily it isn't up to its purpose. Jonathan Bradford is the hero and a pretty bloodless sort, and the three women in his life are as stock, each in her own way, as the usual Civil War heroine; even the historical figures seem to have had the juice squeezed out of them. But a Civil War novel written in seriousness, whatever its lack of inspiration, is at least a relief from Miss Scarlett and the old plantation.

YOUNG PANDORA. By Ann Chidester. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is an inflated novel, surely autobiographical, about a little girl in a Western town who grows up to write a novel. Miss Chidester is young; her talent is precocious rather than distinguished. Most importantly, she needs, like many older writers, to learn that words are not designed chiefly to glorify their author.

THE SUNDOWNERS. By Ward Dorrance. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

With some editing, Mr. Dorrance's novel about a boy who grows up on an upper-class Missouri farm and his grandfather who is his chief mentor could be a progressive school textbook in nature study. Written *con amore,* its prime interest is its lore of the outdoors: dogs, horses, 'coon and fox hunts are a few of the items on which the old man instructs his grandson—and the reader. A well-written book but insufficient diet for adult readers.

A PLACE IN THE SUN. By Frank Fenton. Random House. $2.50.

This is the meager and pretty dull story of a crippled young man who is twenty-five and sounds like seventeen; he reads, fishes, wants the right girl, and is full of meaningless sensitivity to the arts. One of those inside-the-mind novels that hasn't enough mind.

RECORDS

THE great finale of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony is astounding in many ways, not least of which is the fact that the structure—tremendous in size, emotional implications, impact—is built up out of two initially insignificant bits of thematic material. This material was used by Beethoven in a work dated a year earlier than the symphony—a work written not for orchestra but for piano, and not as a triumphant conclusion for the earlier movements of a dramatic four-movement progression but as a set of variations structurally and emotionally complete in itself. The style, the emotional connotation of this earlier piece are different; though it is longer its implications, its impact are not tremendous; but in it the variation process is already, for Beethoven, the expressive medium that will eventually produce the "Diabelli" Variations (to say nothing of the sets of variations that conclude the Sonatas Op. 109 and 111); and even in this early example the emotion that operates through his technical resourcefulness and daring produces not only individual variations of exquisite lyric beauty or impressive dramatic force, but in the end a work that is large-scale in structure and content.

This work, the Variations Op. 35 for piano (sometimes called the "Eroica" Variations, and sometimes the "Prometheus" because Beethoven used the material also in his "Prometheus" music) is at hand on five sides of a Victor set (DM-892, $4.73), played by Claudio Arrau with easy, unobtrusive technical mastery, with impeccable plastic sense governing a somewhat rhetorically expansive style, and with admirable insight into the meaning of the music. On the remaining three sides is a work composed at the same time and yet astonishingly different—the Variations Op. 34, which are early Beethoven in their feeling, their style, their smallness of scale, but as such ingenious, melodious, and mildly charming. They too are excellently played; and the performances are recorded with amazingly lifelike fidelity to timbre, spaciousness, and cleanness of definition.

Recorded in the same amazing way are E. Robert Schmitz's performances of two of Debussy's most popular piano pieces—"La Cathédrale engloutie" and "Claire de lune" (11-8240, $1.05). The second is early and sugary Debussy; the performances are over-deliberate but otherwise good.

But it is the recording of an orchestral work—Milhaud's sonorous arrangement of an Overture and Allegro from Couperin's "La Sultane," well performed by the St. Louis Symphony under Golschmann (11-8238)—that is most impressive. Arrau, Schmitz, the Chicago Symphony, the St. Louis Symphony have been newly added to the Victor list; their recordings, made during the past season, and in the case of the St. Louis Symphony as recently as April, are evidence of a great advance in Victor's recording technique; and this St. Louis recording, like the Chicago ones, shows that without Stokowski to gum things up the Victor engineers are able to produce not only the fidelity and beauty of the sounds of individual instruments and choirs, not only the cleanness of definition, the balance of these sounds in the rich, warm, spacious over-all sound, but the amazingly lifelike placing of the individual sounds in relation to one another in the orchestral space. So far we have had their skill only in recordings of this moderately interesting work of Couperin and the even less consequential pieces recorded by the Chicago Symphony; and these cause one to look forward impatiently to the recordings that Toscanini has made recently of some of the greatest works of the orchestral literature.

Khatchaturian's Symphony, performed at the Stadium, is a patchwork of themes in the idiom of Soviet-Armenian folk music which are placed in the unsuitable harmonic contexts, subjected to the unsuitable manipulation, carried to the unsuitable climaxes of European symphonic music. As for Khrenikov's Symphony, also performed at the Stadium, its fast sections are in the nose-thumbing style of Shostakovitch, but its slow ones, which are melodious and melancholy in the old Russian way, are more impressive.

B. H. HAGGIN

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A Conrad Argosy. Doubleday, Doran. $5.

How War Came: An American White Paper; From the Fall of France to Pearl Harbor. By Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

The Complete Roman Drama: All the Extant Comedies of Plautus and Terence, and the Tragedies of Seneca, in a Variety of Translations. Edited by George E. Duckworth. Random House. 2 vols. $6.

The Guilt of the German Army. By Hans Ernest Fried. Macmillan. $3.50.

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New World Horizons: Geography for the Air Age. Edited by Chester H. Lawrence. Maps by Ray Ramsey. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

The War on the Civil and Military Fronts. By Major General G. M. Lindsay. Macmillan. $1.50.

Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age. By André Maurois. Modern Library. 95 cents.

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Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Milton. Modern Library. 95 cents.

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N. Y. OFFICE: 35 W 42 St. LOngacre 5-3674
Directors: Harry N. Boardman - Louis A. Rothblatt
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Letters to the Editors

India: Danger and Duty

Dear Sirs: A year ago Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill signed the Atlantic Charter, pledging their countries to "respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." Today all the peoples of all the United Nations are menaced by the tragic conflict between an alien government and an unfree people which has been allowed to break out in India.

The British decision to outlaw the Indian National Congress at a time when no overt act of disobedience had taken place and Gandhi was preparing an appeal to the Viceroy and to the United Nations for further negotiations is regarded by many as justified. Leopold Amery defends the decision as necessary to "save India and the Allied cause from a grave disaster," threatened by the "wicked folly" of the Mahatma and his colleagues. Yet even those who accept this view know in their hearts that there could be no graver disaster than what has happened in India and no folly more wicked than the folly which seeks to save India from her enemies through a policy of terrorization indorsed by her friends.

All Americans have a solemn duty to themselves, to demand that this road to ruin be abandoned at once, regardless of responsibility for past mistakes. To "wait and see" will be to commit once more the crime of "too little and too late" in an arena of battle which is the home of one-sixth of the human race. An India ruled by force and torn by rebellion is an India mortgaged to the common enemy.

A sullen and beaten India will never be saved by British or American troops. To lose India tomorrow by American default today will be to doom China to subjugation, to deliver all the Middle East to the Axis, and to force the armies of Russia behind the Urals, regardless of any second front. The sequel for Britain can only be invasion The sequel for America can only be an all but hopeless war against opponents who will rule the world.

These strategic consequences will flow inexorably from the moral blindness of those who believe that the armed coercion of subject peoples, however misled they may be, is compatible with a world-wide fight for freedom. The Tory mind which once courted catastrophe by meeting Nazi violence with non-violence is now courting an incalculably greater catastrophe by meeting Indian non-violence with violence. Every Indian who languishes in a British jail, who screams under a British lash, who dies before a British gun, will become a symbol of despair for millions of the colored peoples of the earth. These silent and waiting multitudes will conclude, wrongly no doubt but nonetheless irrevocably, that Western white men offer them only fair words and foul deeds, that the darker peoples have no stake in a war between rival oppressors, and that Axis arrogance may be more tolerable than democratic hypocrisy.

The time to act is now. A year ago a group of Americans privately urged upon Lord Halifax and the Department of State American mediation between Britain and the principal Indian political groups. Events have confirmed the impossibility of successful negotiations limited to Britishers and Indians. "We have tried our best to agree," said Sir Stafford Cripps last April. "We have failed. Never mind whose fault it is." Agreement through outside action has now been rendered much more difficult and infinitely more imperative by the obstructive policies of the Congress leaders and, in even greater measure, by the rash action of London in imprisoning those leaders and shedding Indian blood in the name of India's defense. These difficulties cannot conceivably be resolved either by the forcible suppression of the Congress nor by the forcible overthrow of British rule. They can only be resolved by all the United Nations insisting upon an immediate settlement under United Nations auspices. "Our allies," writes the Manchester *Guardian*, "—the United States, China, and Russia—should help us to compose a quarrel which injures every one of them."

This is America's opportunity, for only America enjoys the confidence of all. Let Americans everywhere ask their President to join with the leaders of China and Russia in proposing arbitration of the Indian conflict. Let the proposal expressly contemplate the preparation by a United Nations tribunal of a plan for the establishment within the next three months, of a provisional government of an independent India, linked in war and peace alike to the British Commonwealth and the United Nations as a free and equal partner. This will be no more than the British Government has promised for the future and no less than the Indian leaders have asked for the present. Let the tribunal include an American, a Britisher, a Russian, and a Chinese, plus representatives of the Moslem League and the Congress. Let all pledge themselves in advance to accept whatever plan may be proposed by the tribunal. A settlement acceptable to all can be realized only by pooling the wisdom and good will of all. As a pledge of good faith, let the present government of India cease all repression and release all political prisoners, and let the Congress leaders suspend their campaign of non-cooperation. No leader anywhere will dare to reject a proposal for such a tribunal. No leader anywhere will dare to reject its conclusions. In no other way can India be saved.

India has become the acid test of our fitness to survive.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass., August 12

Shostakovitch and Haggin

Dear Sirs: Bravo for Mr. Haggin! Obviously he must realize that he has joined the band of a most unpopular minority, commenting as he did on the Shostakovitch Seventh Symphony. My own hesitant opinions—it is difficult to resist herd emotion—made to a radiant Shostakovitch Seventh enthusiast, were entirely echoed in Haggin's statements, in which he pointed out the eclecticism, the sterility of inventiveness, the repetitious rhythmic and distorted harmonic patterns of the work.

Would it not have been more salutary for Shostakovitch if his symphony, written though it was under the most extraordinary circumstances, had been presented without all the advance ballyhoo attendant on its arrival? Some listeners, lured by the extravagant praise to expectancy of "a work surpassing Beethoven's Ninth," were sadly discouraged. How much better it would have been for the work to be heard and judged for its musical merit alone, giving evidence as it does of a great talent still in its formative period.

ETHEL S. COHEN

New York, August 18

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